



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# A Story For Every Category V : Adventure



adventure

thriller

drama

45 0 1

## Chapter 1 by intellikat

The sound of cash register bells filled my ears as I leaned casually against the customer service counter with my completed application in hand. The warm yellow sheet made me feel important among the slew of holiday shoppers, but also a bit embarrassed when some cute girl walked by. I guess there wasn't any need to be so self-conscious... but Market-Z wasn't the most prestigious job in town, by far.

I smiled at an old lady wheeling by, but she stuck out her lower lip and just sneered at me. I frowned. Everyone gets a little evil at Christmas time, I guess.

My eyes came to rest high above on the store's commercial image, a broad shouldered and shirtless man with flowing locks and a white beard. From one muscled arm he was drawing back a massive thunderbolt. Below the Market-Z logo was the store's motto, "The Price Slayer."

Wendy, the girl at the counter, returned, chewing a stick of gum violently between her braced teeth.

"Okay, now what you're gonna need to do is go to that little black phone at register 14 and dial nine-zero. Follow the instructions. It will be a short survey finished with."

See more of Story Wars

I nodded and handed her

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

At register 14, I lifted the dark receiver, pressed nine-zero and waited. Nothing happened. I looked at the keypad. Two red lights were flashing down at the bottom. I pushed nine-zero again, but still no answer. I looked at the blinking lights and pressed the button beneath the first one.

“Hello?” came a woman’s voice across the line.

“Hello?” I responded.

“Is this the games department?”

“No ma’am,” I faltered. “Umm. I think I pushed the wrong button. I’m just trying to apply for a job.”

“I’m looking for replacement cartridges for Bobsie the Robot by Schreck-tronics. Toy-O-Rama sells them for 17 dollars. How much do you sell them for?”

“I’m sorry, ma’am, I don’t work here,” I tried.

“Look, Chester, I’ve been on hold for 20 minutes. Don’t you give me any more of your bull-honky.”

“Alright... alright, ma’am, let me go look. Bobsie the electronic robot? Just a minute.” I set the phone down and looked for a worker.

“Hey, excuse me a minute....”

The man at the register turned, but the customer he was waiting on shot me a cold look.

“Some woman on the phone is asking about Bobsie the Robot cartridges,” I began.

“What? Bobby?” the man frowned. “Bobby don’t work here no more. He quit a buncha weeks ago. Went down to Mexico with some ballerina.”

No, a toy Bobsie the... Schreck-tronics. See more of Story Wars

I dunno man, ask Tim. The

Login

or

Create new account

ed office near the exit.

I turned and scanned the store for more employees, but they all looked pretty busy. I left register 14 and walked up to the grey door of the office which read "Employees Only." I tentatively turned the knob and the door swung slowly inward to reveal a small staircase leading up into the dimness.

"Hello?"

I stepped in and closed the door. The stairs creaked as I mounted them. At the top was a single door to the left marked "Private."

I knocked. There was no answer. I knocked again and I thought I heard some movement from within. I tried the knob, and the door swung open to reveal a control room hidden to the rest of the store by one-way mirrors.

I stepped into the gloom.

Ceiling-high computer banks chirped and twinkled, while monitors lining the ceiling gave me eyes into every inch of Market-Z. A pair of microphones sprouted from the central control board, the larger one leaning toward a heavy swivel chair before it. Logbooks, papers and a half-empty donut box lay on the table behind the control board.

I made my way to the chair in curiosity. Wavelengths rippled across a green monitor set into the face of the board. My eyes moved along the row of monitors and came to rest on a single one that stood out. On the pixelated screen, tiny human figures were converging on the center of the image, toward what appeared to be register 14! It was hard to make out the number, but it was definitely the register I had been at. A large group of about 25 people stood a few feet back while a man in a business suit looked all around the register.

I was instantly terrified.

Somehow, I had done something wrong... had pressed the wrong button, went to the wrong place... something... and now I had caused a major problem. Feeling the sweat come to my skin I

leaned forward to see the screen better. The man in the suit was standing still with his hands on his hips.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I noticed a tiny knob mark on the door. I pushed it and it swung open. I stepped in and closed the door. The stairs creaked as I mounted them. At the top was a single door to the left marked "Private."

The suitman was talking.

“Just calm down, Wendy. Listen everyone, listen up. He’s gotta be here somewhere. Go back to your shopping circuit, pattern three this time, and look everywhere. But stay calm. Look natural. It’s our biggest sales week of the season, remember. Let’s go!”

Suitman clapped and it gave a loud feedback knock through the screen I was watching. I turned the volume back down and froze.

Someone was creaking up the steps.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) [Rooms](#) [Feedback](#) [Twitter](#) [Instagram](#) [YouTube](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account